

Anatomical Heart

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Anatomical Heart

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

“Eighty-five beats per minute,” George mumbles to himself more than Dream.

“That’s the only one I have to really measure, but the professor wants us to formulate how to feel for all of the others.”

“That’s just unnecessary work.”

The brunet murmurs, “I know,” pulling back to write down his findings. Dream already misses the softness. “But you’ll be my willing victim, right?”

Or, Dream and George are med students, and they've been assigned to measure the pulse points and record them for their professor. But feelings get in the way—as they always do.

Notes

your anatomy lesson <3

i ran out of motivation to write the sex, i'm so sorry it's quick

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream's roommate is a workaholic.

They're both med-students, but Dream isn't so...on top of things as much as George is. In fact, he's relatively more laid back, opting to finish assignments when he wants to, rather than right when they're given out. George has the issue of getting it done the first night of receiving—which is happening now—at almost twelve in the morning on a Friday night.

The class was given the entire weekend to record blood pulses on willing participants. And George just has to get everything done now.

Likewise.

Hunched over at a desk adjacent to Dream's respective bed, George rapidly writes on loose-leaf paper, mumbling his decrees to himself while chocolate locks fall in front of umber eyes that he doesn't bother to contort out of the way.

Dream admires George for his efforts, really—but that boy never wants to give himself a break. And it isn't as if he *needs* to put in the work to achieve gracious, academic endeavors, because the brunet is already smart enough as it is. (Perhaps Dream is a little envious of it—envious because George doesn't have to try, he just does and succeeds every time).

“George,” Dream hums out quietly, “you know you have until Monday to finish that, right?”

“I know,” the other quips back. “But I want to go ahead and have my diagrams drawn out and ready before I ask Karl to help me.”

The latter tilts his head. Karl is another student in their class—he rooms with Sapnap, Dream's best friend since high school. “Do you think he'll be down to let me experiment on him, too?”

George laughs, angelic and soft. “They aren't *experiments*, Dream. They're medical procedures.”

“You can't tell me they aren't the same thing, though.”

The brunet throws a quick look over his shoulder, a smile bright on his lips, and it makes Dream reciprocate it tenfold before the pretty rows of ivory are flushed away. He secretly craves to see it again, in all of its poetic beauty and perfectly sculpted lapidified statues. Veridian eyes stare at the curled ends of brown hair just above the nape of George's neck, and Dream comes to the conclusion he's always known—*George is pretty doing nothing*.

It's almost astounding—the swivels of a mechanical pencil and light breathing are in perfect harmony with each other, and Dream thinks he's seriously at peace with himself. Sitting at the headboard of his bed, phone turned over on his thigh, as he simply observes an angel doing its studying.

But maybe he isn't subtle about it. Perhaps he doesn't want to be (he never is).

“You're staring.”

Dream's pulse skips. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” George says softly, almost inaudible.

Interactions like this are tender and sweet and laced with honeyed fervor that tastes like summer in the midst of a sandy beach. Because George knows Dream likes to stare, knows that the curious glint in verdant eyes calls out to him like a saccharine mantra for acceptance. Dream, however, doesn’t know this yet.

He slides off his bed, gallivanting over to George and leaning against the buoyant trim of the desk. “You know, we can do this to each other instead,” Dream offers. “We’re both med students, *and* we have the same homework. So kill two birds with one stone.”

The pause of George’s pencil is noticeable.

“That’s actually a good idea,” he says after a moment, umber eyes burning a forest of green. “Do you mind if I go first? I already have everything drawn out so...”

“Oh, not at all. I don’t even have my books out,” Dream pauses, looking down at the space between his legs and the desk. “Do I need to change my pants?” he asks, holding back an immature laugh at the grey fabric adorning long bones.

George’s eyes rake down. “That’s probably best. And uh...take your shirt off, too. I’ve gotta record everything.”

“Already wanna see me naked?” Dream pokes with a tease. “At least take me on a date first.”

The rising heat of red to pale features is quick, and Dream laughs when George slaps his hand off the desk. “Shut up! Just go put some shorts on, Jesus, Dream.”

With a light laugh, Dream pushes himself from the edge of dark wood, woven smile on his lips at the murmur of “fuckin’ idiot” sworn behind him. He changes fairly quickly, sweatpants thrown into a white picket hamper and replaced with cotton-threaded basketball shorts that flaunt his favorite football team. His shirt is discarded, too, dropped onto his bed for whenever George is finished pressing dainty fingers into warm and tan flesh.

As he gets closer to George again, he notices the drawings of boxes and intricately perfect words scribbled onto the top of thin paper. As well as George’s phone propped up against a stack of books that seems to lack any sort of order or organization.

“I’m ready,” he hums, grabbing the other’s attention.

“Good!” George smiles, pushing his chair back and swiveling it around to face Dream. “You saw how the professor demonstrated?” Dream nods. George stands up. “Okay, so just—stay still, and let me do my thing.”

“Of course, Doctor Davidson.”

The scoff George gives makes Dream bite his tongue to stop himself from laughing. George comes closer, standing in proximity of warmth and unfledged fire; Dream thinks he’ll be able to control himself for ten minutes, maybe just a minute longer—or at least his heart rate. Because when a pretty boy like *George* is close enough to taste the honeyed glow of passion, Dream’s heart is doomed to turn against him before they reach the end of the procedure.

Paper-based hands tentatively reach out, grabbing hold of Dream’s right hand and turning his palm to the ceiling. George applies his middle and ring finger to the inside of his wrist.

“Remember,” Dream teases, “not directly in the middle of it.”

“I know. Now be quiet for a second.”

Dream counts to fifteen in his head, peering down at the fluff of brown hair as static fills his ears. George looks focused, eyebrows pinched together in a haze of directed attention to the blond’s heart rate. His lips—bubblegum pink—jut out in a pout, and Dream thinks he’s cuter like this. And because George has always been good in his classes, he can easily calculate the BPM of Dream’s pulse.

“Eighty-five beats per minute,” George mumbles to himself more than Dream. “That’s the only one I have to really measure, but the professor wants us to formulate how to feel for all of the others.”

“That’s just unnecessary work.”

The brunet murmurs, “I know,” pulling back to write down his findings. Dream already misses the soft press of his fingertips. “But you’ll be my willing victim, right?”

“Well, obviously.”

George crosses off a name in a too-thought-out diagram: ‘Radial Artery.’

“You always have to make everything look pretty, don’t you, Georgie?” Dream smirks, eyes scintillating with humor. “You know Mr. Bozo doesn’t care about it.”

“Yeah, yeah,” the other rolls his eyes. “I’m gonna do the brachial now.”

Dream turns his arm over at his side, not missing the prolonged stare of umber eyes to the expanse of his torso. He doesn’t say anything, biting his tongue once he feels cold hands dancing up to the inside of his bicep. George audibly hums, a snark smile wrapping on his face like a gift.

“What is it?” Dream asks.

“Nothing,” George’s smile grows. “You’re just,” he squeezes Dream’s arm, “a lot stronger than I anticipated you to be.”

That makes Dream’s heartbeat peak slightly, breath fainter than it was just seconds before as George trails two fingers over the skin, looking for any sign of a pulse. Dream knows he finds it when those fingers are still against the hot flush of his flesh, the pads of white seeping blue traces of sweet venom into his bloodstream.

George shifts on his feet, hand trailing to the other’s carotid. Even Dream himself can feel the pounding echo of his heart reverberating off his ribcage—and there’s no chance in hell he can come up with a good enough excuse as to why his heart rate has gone up slightly. Maybe he’ll blame it on natural human instinct. When, in reality, it was that stupid compliment about his strength.

Pressing two fingers right underneath the junction of Dream’s jaw, George goes quiet again, eyes trained on his hand where it lingers around the rapture of a tan neck. Dream feels something akin to lightning strike underneath his skin, pins and needles prickling under the weight of delicate white. That’s when he notices the corners of pretty lips daring to twitch into a smirk.

“It’s increased already,” the latter says, British accent laced with thick prose of humorous yet knowing intention. “Do I make you nervous, Dreamie?”

Dream scoffs, trying to hide the waver in his voice. “You wish.”

The brunet hums, hiding the rifts of his smile by digging the edge of ivory teeth into the bottom of his lip. “Yeah, that baby has *spiked*, Dream.”

“Fuck off,” Dream rolls his eyes, quelling the nerves piling up in his stomach. “It isn’t about you.” *Yes, it is.*

Stifling a laugh, George lifts his chin to meet Dream’s eyes. His fingers are still monitoring his heart rate.

“You sure?”

The butterflies that erupt in Dream’s stomach are poisonous, wings tickling at his insides as a shiver manifests itself down his spine. *Fuck, fuck, fuck.* “J-Just get on with the next one. It’s the superficial temporal, right?”

George leans to the side, fingers still connected with the warmth of Dream’s skin. “Yes.”

The fingers are replaced above his right eyebrow, close to his hairline, George having to press himself closer to be able to reach high enough. George’s other hand now situates itself just below Dream’s sternum, palm flat and oh-so-hot, where it seeps a metaphorical handprint in the shape of *George’s name* under the epidermis. And it’s times like these—times that have never actually happened up until now—that make Dream want to hate his bodily makeup. Because why in the ever-loving *fuck* did he offer himself up on a silver platter to be George’s homework demonstration?

He almost wants to ask why George has to be so close, why George is teasing him about his heart rate, and why those pretty eyes are looking at him like *that*? Like there’s some type of secret lingering behind burnt umber. Dream wants to exploit them, wants to know everything.

He doesn’t open his mouth.

Not until George asks, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah...” Dream trails. “I guess you could say I’m not used to being touched.”

George pulls his hand away, a smile evident on his face. “Oh, so you’re a virgin?”

“What?! N-No—I’m- I’m not a—” Dream splutters pathetically as George laughs, crossing out three more names from his list. “Jesus Christ, George. Don’t- Don’t say that.”

One could say he’s used to their bantering; having been roommates for two years, they’ve played around and tossed out ridiculous words to poke fun at each other’s egos. Half of the time, they could be sexual antics—exactly like the one George threw out to him—but Dream never reacted like *that*. He feels embarrassed, a vermillion blush rising to freckled cheeks.

When George is back in front of Dream, he’s lowering himself to his knees.

“W-What the hell are you doing?” Dream gulps, gazes flicking between George’s phone and pristine skin. The sight is awestricken, George peering up at him with wide, playful eyes.

“We’ve finished all of the superior parts. Gotta do the inferior now,” a pause. “There’s only four more.”

Gathering his memory of class, Dream names them out in his head: dorsalis pedis, posterior tibial, popliteal, and...*the femoral*. When he swallows his spit, it feels like dry ash, flinching when he feels cold hands wrapping around his ankle.

“Don’t worry,” George smiles innocently, fingers pressing on the posterior tibial artery, just on the inside of Dream’s ankle, “I can always get Karl to help me finish tomorrow.”

There’s a hidden implication behind the words, a lingering tension swirling in the air with thick colors of gray and black clouds. And just the *thought* of George putting his hands on Karl, even if it’s supposed to be nothing more than just helping with homework, Dream can’t stop the putrid essence of jealousy weaving through his bones and settling like a wildfire.

“You don’t seem to like that idea.”

Dream tilts his head. “How do you know that?”

George smirks. “Jealousy has similar effects of chronic anxiety and therefore makes your heartbeat increase.”

“Why the hell do you even know that?”

The brunet shrugs, fingers sliding to the front of Dream’s ankle; the dorsalis pedis artery. “Personal experience. You know, that red-head girl that sits next to you in class can be a little touchy,” a pause, “and so can you.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah,” George snakes his arm behind one of Dream’s legs, “*oh.*”

In Dream’s experience, the pulse at the popliteal artery is one of the more difficult ones to find—he remembers struggling to find it on that girl George practically admitted to being jealous of; her name was Coraline. And sure, she’s pretty, but Dream has a taste for brunet boys who are way too smart to be at a medical school like this one. (Dream honestly thinks George could’ve gone to Harvard if he applied).

“You were jealous of that?”

George hums, eyes averted to everything but Dream’s face. Dream, of course, doesn’t like that, daring to reach his hand out, sliding it underneath the other’s jaw, and coaxing his gaze back up.

“Of course, I was jealous of it,” George mumbles. “You were like, making her fucking *horny* by measuring her pulse. And you could tell she was enjoying it when you had your hand around her neck...freaky bitch.”

Dream fails to hide his laugh; he remembers Coraline asking him to go back with her to her dorm after class, though he did turn her down. And maybe he knew George was watching him a little too intently that day they partnered up to do the same thing he and George are doing now. But to know his greedy, faux touches to pristine skin and the brush of red hair behind tinted ears ignited something in George, caused a sparkle of emotions to erupt under sun-kissed flesh.

“If it makes you feel any better,” Dream mumbles, “I wanted to be partners with you.”

The glossy sheen of brown eyes becomes prominent for a moment, eyelashes fluttering over paleness. George bluntly ignores the proposition. “There’s still one more thing to do before we finish.”

Ah, the femoral.

Dream licks his lips. They didn't do this one in class, more so because the professor didn't recommend it. And with where it's located, Dream didn't particularly blame the dude for prohibiting it. Though now, within the four walls of the dormitory and secluded tension, if George feels up to it, so does Dream.

"Do you want to do the last one?" he asks tentatively.

"Well, like Mr. Bozo said, if we ever have a disabled patient, we have to know where to find all of the pulses, Dream," George says, tone laced with something different than before. "And that includes the one at the femoral artery."

The femoral is located just between where the hip meets the thigh, and Dream has been told by the teachings of his professor that it goes along with the popliteal artery as being a hard one to measure pulse.

"I'm fine with it if you are," he whispers. "I don't want you to be uncomfortable."

"I'm not the one who has to take my pants off, Dream."

Oh.

Oh.

"Can you feel it through my underwear?" Dream asks, immediately cringing at his own words.

"Maybe," George scoffs, trailing his hands like gasoline to the other's thighs. "Got something to hide, Dreamie?"

Dream rolls his eyes, hand sliding from George's face to the spandex of his shorts. "Wouldn't you like to know," he grumbles. Then, for a second, he hesitates, thumbs already slid beneath the hem of cotton trousers. "Are you sure you want to like, put your hands down there?"

"Dream, just take your fucking pants off. I want to get a good grade on this assignment."

His stomach paints itself a pretty shade of coveting scarlet, razor-sharp dragonflies slicing open the wounds of his internal desire for George he's kept hidden for so long, bleeding out and making a mess of his crumbled up mind. And he doesn't want to take up any more of George's time, so he slips his trousers off before he can change his mind, shame and embarrassment daunting crimson goosebumps on sun-kissed flesh. It's hard not to notice umber eyes that trail the expanse of open skin, George racking his gaze over Dream's body until he lands on grey boxers.

"So—um," Dream steps out of the material, clearing his throat as he lets it lay in a pile by his feet. "My pants are off."

It's easy to find humor in the way George visibly snaps back to reality, and Dream tries not to take pride in the action, but his shoulders square themselves off, and a light dusting of coral petals paints his cheeks before he can stop himself.

George nods, meagerly shifts just a little more forward—*closer*—and unhinged proximity dares to coax a shudder through Dream's body. George lays his hands over skin that Dream could only ever imagine would feel the touch of dainty fingers, wandering digits hovering over his calf until they climb higher. His breath hitches when George digs his middle finger into his inner thigh, and Dream would be lying if he said he didn't want to see the way his skin flashes white before

returning to his usual tanned self.

“Can you stop shaking so much?” George asks, tongue poking out to wet pink flesh as he focuses, endearing in a way Dream could only describe as cute when saliva shines pearls on his lip.

“Sorry,” he whispers. “Your hands are just cold.”

The brunet smiles up at him. “I can warm them between your thighs if you’d like.”

Dream splutters pathetically, the press of cold hands on the inside of his left thigh burns. “N-No... That’s okay,” he pauses. “Just check for a pulse, and then we can be done, yeah?”

“You still gotta do me after,” George smirks. Dream supposed he chose to give context to those words late just to rile the blond up. “For the assignment.”

“I-I can get *Sapnap*, George. It’s okay, I’ll—Jesus, why the hell are your hands so cold?”

“They aren’t,” George sighs, angling two fingers between the junction of skin where the thigh meets the hip. “I think your thighs are just sensitive, Dream,” he applies the barest amount of pressure. “Plus, I don’t want *Sapnap* to be doing it when I’m literally right here for you to use.”

Dream whines, his resolve cracking. “Why do you say it like that?”

“Like what?”

“So—I don’t know...*dirty-like*.”

George presses down harder. Dream bites his lip to stifle a noise. “Maybe that’s the way you’re interpreting my words, Dream.”

Time stops for an abrupt moment, those razor-like wings fluttering in Dream’s stomach. He doesn’t know if they tear through muscle or just completely destroy his insides until they’re a mess of blood and guilty consciousness—because maybe he was interpreting the words wrong, that the light-hearted flirting between them is nothing more than just bantering between homework. He feels terrible for thinking something more could develop, for thinking that the feeling was mutual just for a second.

What feeling?

Dream knows what it is, that this feeling of absolute bliss is caused by his heart latching onto the presence of George. The company of angelic poems and warm harmonies. But now that he’s read it wrong, those harmonies have turned hopeless in his eyes—for a moment, anyway.

“You’re right, though.”

The blond’s mouth goes dry, and he knows George can feel the rapid pulse of his heartbeat. A thick coat of something lingers under his skin, a sharp scalpel slicing through every nerve and tendon in his body until it’s frayed. And Dream would be lying if he said he didn’t enjoy the feeling coursing through the marrow of his bones.

“I mean, if it makes you uncomfortable,” George presses his fingers into supple skin even harder, “you can just tell me to stop.”

“No, don’t—” Dream throws out a little too eagerly. “I mean... You don’t have to stop, like—flirting? Is that what you’re doing? I don’t—”

George laughs, cutting the other off. “Yes, Dream. That’s what I’m doing.”

The idiotic grin that slides over pink lips is almost a gateway to every other hidden desire. “Nice—I mean, *fuck*, why am I so bad at this?”

He’s usually a sweet talker, always knows the right things to say and when to say them. But for some reason, he can’t help but be a mess of words and vermillion tinted cheeks—he supposes it has to do with the pretty brunet on his knees, cold hands feeling around for his sporadic heartbeat. And he’s almost humiliated that he can’t fucking flirt properly with George.

“God, that’s embarrassing,” he murmurs to himself. *He can’t even keep himself composed.*

“I think it’s cute, Dream,” George smiles. “You’re all blushing and nervous—did you know your heartbeat increases when you’re around someone you like?”

Around you, maybe. “That’s not a real fact.”

He feels like there’s something he isn’t getting, something that George seems to be offering up on a silver fucking platter, and he just isn’t *getting it*. Like the playful glint in umber eyes that dares to unveil more. Or the touch of lingering fingers inching closer to the middle of his hips—Dream can’t tell if he’s imagining it or not.

“Maybe,” George shrugs. “Or maybe I just came up with it because you always look pretty when you turn red.”

The compliment makes Dream’s composure slip slightly. Tense legs turn to jelly under George’s grasp, the slender fingers that burn black embers on his skin pulling him further and further into the brunet’s trance, and Dream fails to meet umber eyes when George looks up at him through dark lashes. He lets out a nervous chuckle.

“You can’t—” Dream steps away from George, leaves him to sit on reddened knees on the floor of their dorm room, and runs lonely fingers through tufts of blond hair. “You can’t just say that, George.”

“Technically, I can,” George hums, standing up on his feet and strolling to his desk. And as he crosses out the last few names and stops his recording, he says, “There’s still one more to measure,” and turns around on his heel. His hand connects to Dream’s chest—firm and sure—and pushes Dream onto his bed. “The heart. And then it’s your turn.”

It takes more than a few seconds for Dream to wrap his head around their new position; George is straddling him—*George is straddling him*. The coldness of his hand feels as if it’s burning through the thickness of tan skin, leaving Dream with a metaphorical handprint to be reminded of this moment where they used each other to get a basis of medical procedures. But he can assume that this isn’t just about the homework anymore—he can and will.

George’s hand stays pressed to Dream’s heart for a moment, the touch sensational in the blond’s mind, tormenting him in the best ways he could consider possible.

“Are we...going to send that recording in?”

“No,” George laughs, fingers drumming on Dream’s chest. “We’ll probably have to do another one unless you want the professor to see badly acted pornhub foreplay,” a small pause. “S your turn now, Dream.”

Dream swallows, saliva thick and heavy. He sits up slightly against the headboard, and George

turns his hand over, bringing it up to Dream—and for some stupid reason, he has half a mind to plant his lips to the inside of the other's wrist. He isn't sure how much intimacy the action reiterates in harmonic air, but he doesn't care to pull back and apologize either, leaving pink plush to juxtapose paper-based skin. And if he focuses enough, presses his lips more ardently to the pressure point, maybe he'll feel where George's heart stutters and picks up.

"Going for extra credit, I see," George smirks. Dream looks into umber with innocuous intentions. "Well, if you wanna do it like that, make sure to use your lips for the rest of them."

The shiver that runs down Dream's spine is ice-cold and laced with divots of sharp knives, threatening to cut through every vein. He wonders how they got here, how homework invoked so many emotions he's tried to keep hidden, locked away in an obsidian tower that only George has the key to. But he's not complaining. Not one bit.

Not when he can have the chance to worship George's body—the places where crimson blood flows and beats—with his lips.

So he kisses that one spot on the inside of George's wrist, running his tongue over supple skin until he believes he can taste blue innocence and velvety bliss. Tingles spread over his lips, craving more with just the simplest inclination of praising George with his mouth ringing through his mind. And he dares to dig his teeth into the flesh, not so much where it hurts, but enough to scrape ivory ridges to leave a faint mark before it disappears.

"Don't leave a mark on my wrist, Dream," George teases with a smile. "Move on to the next point."

Begrudgingly, Dream kisses up the inside of George's arm to the brachial artery. He doesn't draw it out, placing tender and soft kisses before he's pulling away. "You might have to, uh, take your shirt off for the next ones."

"Then take it off for me." A quipped pause. "I'm *your* homework, remember?"

Tan hands tentatively slip underneath the fabric of George's shirt, fingertips quite literally on fire at the simple brush of hidden pale skin. They travel upwards, lingering for a bit too long only to take someone's shirt off—but Dream can't exactly be blamed for wanting to touch George like this for a little longer. In fact, he relishes the stuttered breath George emits at the tickling sensation Dream knows is filtering over his body.

The shirt is taken off moments later; George raises his arms and overlaps his wrists to allow Dream to slip the thin veil of pale intimacy from his upper half. And Dream doesn't know if this is about homework anymore.

He lets his fingers travel across George's breastbone, pressing down haphazardly to feel where his heartbeat is not a neutral pace. Because, if anything, their hearts beat in rhythm with each other, matching similarities uncanny in the way of the glowing amity transcending syncopated drums.

"Your pulse is high," Dream whispers, and only for a second does his eyes wander down to pretty lips. "Why's that?"

"Cause you're finally touching me," George settles on after a moment of hesitation.

And the response isn't precisely what Dream expects, but it still catches him off guard either way. "Are you nervous about it?"

"I've never been one to get nervous, Dream," George smirks. "Why would I start now?"

“Just assumed you would be.”

“Well, then I guess you don’t know my body yet.”

Dream leans towards to brush gentle lips over the expanse of George’s neck, softly kissing translucent blue veins and nipping at the junction between his shoulders. “I can,” he murmurs into cold skin. “If you’ll let me.”

“Are you asking my permission, Dreamie?”

And after a beat of silence, “Yeah... I am.”

George hums, a soft moan falling from his lips as Dream worships pale skin with his tongue. “And what are you gonna do for me?”

The words fall with the sinful edge of a sharp blade, cutting underneath Dream’s skin until his mind is nothing but rampant with thoughts of what George could be alluding to—so yes, maybe this isn’t about homework anymore. Perhaps it’s about something more that neither of them is ready to speak on just yet, or that’s until Dream’s tongue slips with venom.

“I can make you feel good,” he provides with sickly sweet honey. “Make your heart go *crazy* because of me.”

“Yeah? How are you going to do that, hm?”

Bruises are suckled into supple flesh, and Dream hopes that it’ll be okay before pathetic idioms fall again. “You can have me. Have whatever you want from me. *Anything*, George.”

He receives a breathy “good” in response, then, “But I want you to finish your homework first.”

And really, Dream is nothing if not driven with divine, carnal intentions for George, so he nods confidently, teeth scraping pretty skin as soon to be amethyst marks form on paleness. Because he’d do anything if it meant making George happy, making *George* feel good—he hopes he isn’t interpreting this wrong, whatever *this* is.

“What are we doing?” Dream asks tentatively. He needs to know for sure.

George hums, hands threading through blond locks that have Dream shivering. “We don’t have to do anything; we can stop, do the assignment seriously, and go to bed. It’s whatever *you’re* comfortable doing—because I know what I want.”

Dream knows what he wants, too, and that just so happens to be his pretty roommate sitting on his lap.

“Well, I know what I want,” he says, strong arms wrapping around a thin torso, hands running up and down George’s back. And without a second of hesitation, he flips them over, so George is on his back while Dream is settled between his now open legs. “I want *you*. I want you so bad.”

The initial shock on George’s face is gone within seconds, replaced with a smirk as his hands slide around the nape of Dream’s neck to pull him closer. “You can have me, Dreamie. Whatever you want, just take it.”

Lips brush together in the heat of the moment, the proximity of their faces becoming nothing but a small gap that they don’t care to close yet.

“You think there’s a pressure point on the lips we haven’t learned about yet?”

George tilts his head to the side. “Why don’t you find out?”

How did they get here? is what Dream asks himself when he closes the gap, hands keeping him propped up, so he doesn’t fall on George.

Plush lips are softer than Dream could have ever imagined, and there are times he wishes he kissed George before this. Like the time in class where George was to present his project and a coral tint raised to pretty cheeks—Dream wanted to kiss his nerves away right then and there. Or the time they went to the movies together, hands brushing whenever they’d walk a little too close to each other—that was the night Dream realized he liked George in a ‘more than just friends’ way.

He wanted to shower George in kisses that night, under the star-lit view of heaven. But he kept those wants to himself and buried intimate feelings along with the need to bruise pink lips until they were his.

Now that Dream has George like this, kissing him like there’s no tomorrow, those feelings come forth, flooding every ridge inside of his brain until it’s fuzzy with the name of *George*. Ivory teeth nip and bite, each exchange of spit from their tongues carving a callous burn on Dream’s skin that craves more, more, *more*.

Their mouths move in the synchronization of their heart, the thumps against Dream’s ribcage becoming justifiable for his lack of oxygen casted affray in replace of George. The pace is rapid, echoing through his body with a reminder of this moment—he keeps a note in the back of his mind to ask George if they can be partners for homework again.

George tries to pull Dream closer with the tightening motions of his arms, hands twisting to stroke blond strands of hair curled at the nape of the other’s neck. And Dream quite literally feels himself melting into George’s embrace, humming tenderly against sugary sweet lips, and just falls into a blissful ecstasy he doesn’t want to come up from.

The brunet hooks a leg around Dream’s waist, tilts his chin up slightly to deepen the kiss even more, and Dream wants to scream. His lungs crave for a lick of oxygen that he can’t bring himself to give because that means parting from George, and he doesn’t want to leave the comfort of soft lips that compel him. Only when his head becomes too fumbled to think does he pull away, pressing his forehead to George’s, and he lets himself do the idiotic as he grabbles for air.

“I like you.”

George smiles. So does Dream.

“I like you, too.”

Dream’s world gains color almost instantly, his heart pumping thick strands of blue wonder through his body. “Good.”

With a soft laugh, George presses his lips against Dream’s again. It isn’t conceived with hunger or temptation, only tenderness of pumpkin swirled elation, and when it’s gone, Dream can’t help but chase it; he craves to keep it close.

“Now,” George smirks, eyes scintillating with lusted danger as his hands drop beside his head, “fuck me however you want because I’m yours.”

Crimson sparks jolt through Dream’s body at the proposition, alighting every nerve on fire in a

thick coat of desire. His cheeks flush a shade of cerise, intoxicating neurons of arousal going straight to his brain and manifesting down his spine. (He supposes he read the situation right).

A string of curses erupts in Dream's mind, inexperience a tell-tale when he clamps up, shy eyes trailing down George's body.

"Yeah," he breathes, "yeah, I can do that. Do you have lube?"

George nods. "Under my bed."

Dream slides off of the mattress, feet heavy on the floor as he strolls over to George's bed, bending down to reach his hand underneath the wooden frame. He finds a tiny box, fingers hooking under the lid to pull it off, hoping to find what George said there was—he does, but he also finds a few *other* things hidden in the compartment. Such things are condoms and a small, pink vibrator that connects to a remote as well as anal plugs.

"Do you use these?" Dream asks, turning his head, and his mouth becomes parched at the sight he's captivated with—George and his now exposed bottom half, leaking cock laying flat on his stomach. "*Jesus fucking christ.*"

The laugh that slips into Dream's ears is sickly lewd. "Like what you see, Dreamie?"

A bottle of lube is quickly grabbed into Dream's hands, all other items forgotten for the pornographic image of George. And when the blond is crawling back onto the bed, George's legs opening wide just for him, he gets a better view of an alluringly pink tip dripping precum onto paper-based skin. It's so much better than his silly fantasies—so much better than finishing homework, even if homework is what got them here.

"Yeah, I do," Dream breathes, grains of lust evident in his voice. "Fuck, you're pretty."

"I'm pretty?"

Dream nods almost pathetically, the bottle of lube discarded next to George's body. He'll use it later. But for now, Dream lays on his stomach, his head between George's thighs and oh-so-close the pulsing temptation. He ignores it wholeheartedly, rather opting to feel around with thick fingers for the pulse located at the boy's femoral artery until he finds it with a rapid beat against the pads of his digits.

He presses a tender kiss to the skin, running his tongue over the junction where George's thigh connects to the inner part of his hip. The pace is fast, yet not entirely alarming when they're in a situation like this—and according to some studies Dream has read, a heartbeat can increase to at least one hundred and thirty beats per minute during intimate moments. And when green eyes meet with George, catching the dilation of black pupils, Dream smirks to himself and his arms hook underneath tiny legs, a hand twisting to bring the tip of slickness to his lips.

The breathy whimper he receives is more than intoxicating, spreading carnal warmth throughout Dream's body and making him feel almost confident in taking George in his mouth. Dainty hands are quick to thread through his hair, uncut nails scraping his scalp in a way that makes goosebumps rise on his skin.

Perhaps Dream enjoys the feeling a bit too much, humming quietly around the head of George's cock as the taste of precum blossoms on his taste buds. The tremble of delicate hands could be felt in untamed locks, an unfiltered "fuck" falling from the boy above—it makes Dream's ego grow just a little bit, knowing he could finally make George feel good. And when he begins to sink his

head, enveloping more of the other's length into the warmth of his mouth, George arches his back beautifully, eyes rolling to the back of his head.

"Holy shit, Dream," George moans, hands turning into fists.

Trim hips dare to buck up into the feeling, Dream gagging at the suddenness of having George hit the back of his throat, but he still doesn't pull off. Instead, he takes it, takes all of George, almost cockwarming him with his mouth as he listens to the breathy pleas that fall like a mantra from a velvet tongue.

George is Dream's unholy retributive, a godly figure dancing in the warm breeze of sacrilegious beauty. And Dream will do anything to make him feel good—even if that means having a hoarse throat when he wakes up in the morning, voice cracking in front of his friends when he tries to come up with a good excuse as to why it's gone to shreds.

His gaze stays put on George, wanting to watch the twitch of a pink mouth as he drags his lips up, hollowing his cheeks and curling the tip of his tongue on the underside of the other's cock. Dream loves the sight entirely, loves that he is the one making the brunet arch his make in the simple reaction of blissed pleasure, that every shallow yet breathy moan is from his doing and no one else's.

Dainty hands closed in his hair try to tug Dream down again, hips rolling up when he swirls a wet tongue around George's tip.

However, the attempt is fruitless because Dream pulls off with a slick pop that's all too lewd and taps the head of the brunet's cock against his lips, spit and precum making a mess of an already wet mouth.

"Do you," Dream begins, whimpering when he feels a slight tug in his hair. "Do you want me to do more? Or do you wanna fuck my mouth?"

The high whine he receives isn't an answer, George sputtering all of his words before settling on "mouth...wanna fuck your mouth, Dream."

Drawing one of his hands away from Dream's hair, the other still twisted in the mess of gold and brown, George pushes the head of his cock back into the warmth between spit-slicked lips. Ivory teeth barely scrape the skin, emitting a fully fleshed moan from the brunet.

Their hearts beat in tandem with each other, fire-like arousal seeping deep within their arteries until the flames are so hot they turn a deep shade of blue.

George's thrusts are short and shallow to start—testing the waters—while Dream trails his hands up the sides of covered ribs, using the newfound freedom to worship pale skin with the tips of his fingers. His thumbs press over nipples, flicking rose-colored buds to pull a strained moan from the pretty boy above. And Dream feels content with the hand in his hair tugs tighter.

Small hips roll with caution, Dream's mouth slipping down halfway before George's cock is pulling out again.

"George, please," Dream whines when he gets the chance, "fuck my mouth like you mean it."

"I don't want to hurt you."

Dream shakes his head quickly, almost eagerly. "You won't—fuck, George, you won't. *Please.*"

The wariness slowly crumbles behind umber eyes, replaced with ebony strands of desperation, and then George is pushing his cock back into Dream's mouth. And just as Dream requested, George's hips jerk up in fuck split lips like he means it; the latter can't help but keen at the building ferocity. Praises of how *good* Dream feels fall from George's tongue, drawn-out moans and breathy whimpers slipping into the blond's ears, alongside the more than whorish gags.

Dream's jaw aches with a pleasurable kind of pain he doesn't want to let go of yet, small jolts of everlasting ardor sparking throughout his veins. His lips are dragged up and down, the grip in his hair oh-so-tight as thin hips roll up and push the head of slickness to the back of his throat—Dream honestly wouldn't have asked for anything less.

One of Dream's hands previously splayed on the other's chest slides up, pushing two fingers inside parted lips. George immediately closes them around the digits, letting Dream gather an excess of spit, fucking George's mouth with his fingers while George does the same with his cock.

The feeling is excruciating. Tangerine swirls make Dream's head dizzy, eyes fluttering shut as he tightens his lips to appease the other's pleasure. And when he deems his fingers slick enough, he trails them down, shifting slightly but still keeping George in his mouth as he prods a spit-covered digit to a fluttering rim.

He sinks to the first knuckle almost too quickly, the slide easy and met without any resistance. And he can't help but pull off George's cock, smiling at the whimper he receives in protest; "Did you already stretch yourself?"

"Yes," George answers almost immediately, hands falling limp by his sides. "Did it in the shower—thought of you."

Dream remembers George coming back from the showers—almost three hours ago now—face and lips redder than usual, hesitance falling from his tongue when Dream asked what took so long. And now, with the confession lingering in Dream's bones, it makes sense. So he adds another finger within seconds. Just to see if George can take it.

He leans his body over George's small frame, his free hand holding himself up as his other fingers George open slowly. The image of the brunet doing this to himself, teeth worrying his bottom lips with the intention of keeping his noises to a minimum, floods Dream's mind. And he twists his fingers, curls them as he tries to find the spot that'll make George moan beautifully.

George's face is pretty. Lips split apart to breathe a cascade of pornographic noises into the open air, coral pink spreading over his nose and to his cheeks, back slightly arching off of *Dream's bed*. His cock twitches pathetically on his stomach when Dream plunges his fingers deep, sputtered whimper slipping into Dream's ears to weave golden polish over tan skin.

"What did you think about?"

Umber eyes meet his, pink lips quivering as George responds weakly.

"This, you," he cuts off with a wavered moan when Dream pulls out and dives in again. "You—fuck, Dream—I-I thought about you fucking me."

The words are sweetly brash, laced with the matching need coursing through dark red veins, and Dream would've been caught off guard if it wasn't for the gratification swelling his ego.

"Is that the first time you've thought of me like that?"

"Oh, don't flatter yourself—*fuck!*" George whines, high and rough, when deft fingers abuse his

prostate, and then the answer comes rolling out without a hint of snarkiness. “I-It, it wasn’t—please, Dream oh my *god*, right there—wasn’t the first time. Think about you a lot.”

The fallen idioms make Dream smirk victoriously, his flustered act from earlier washed away with the beat of his heart. His fingers never relent inside of George, enough unused spit letting him sink in a third digit alongside the other two, finger-fucking the brunet with enough expertise for him to see stars.

Dream twists and curls his fingers without remorse, drinking in sinfully pathetic noises until he’s drunk on the irony of beating hearts and forgotten homework. Soft yet abrasively cold hands grip the tan skin of Dream’s shoulders, uncut nails digging into the flesh hard enough to make him hiss in a plea of pleasurable pain, undeniable that there’ll be crescent moons contorted to the shape of George’s fingernails.

“God, *fuck*, you’re good at this,” George whimpers, lust-lidded eyes meeting Dream’s for a moment.

Dream can only scoff. “Well, I’d hope so, baby. Wouldn’t wanna disappoint you, now would I?”

The euphoric expression washing over George’s face and the abuse to his shoulders tells Dream enough about how close the boy is to his limit. Breathy moans and godforsaken whimpers weighing him down to the Earth’s stratosphere with the need to please and please. His heart is beating against his ribcage, fast and untamed—just like his feelings for the pretty, moaning brunet beneath him.

And within the detrimental fall of ‘helping with homework’ lays the saccharine dripping warmth of begging, which just so happens to be proven as a newfound weakness Dream holds in nimblly broken fingers.

“Please, Dream,” George whines, “just *fuck me*. I’m ready, ‘m so ready.”

Dream thrusts his fingers deep one last time, relishing the strained moan that falls onto deaf ears. He almost doesn’t want to pull them out, wants to continue pleasing George *just like this* for as long as he can, but he is, if not pathetic when it comes to George.

He wipes spit-slicked fingers on the sheets of his bed, slipping his underwear down, and throws it to the side before he’s coddling the bottle of lube in his hand. Dream graciously covers his cock with the cold liquid, breath stuttering at the stimulation he’s been lacking the entire night. And with the gasping noise that comes from George and the murmur of sinful lust, Dream begins to cave once more.

“You’re big, Dreamie.” George’s lips curl into an apprehensive smirk. “Can’t wait for you to fuck me with it.”

Dream’s eyes flutter as he whimpers. “Can’t wait to be inside you,” he reciprocates.

George brings a hand down to Dream’s cock, lithe fingers wrapping around the thick length and guiding Dream closer to his entrance. “Then what are you waiting for?”

The tip of his cock catches on George’s rim before Dream pushes inside, the brunet’s hand retreating and settling on his bicep. Dream is punctured red with lust at the strangled noise that falls from George’s mouth, viridian eyes focused on every distortion of pale features, looking for any sign of uneasiness.

He doesn’t find it. He can’t find it when all that registers on George’s face is nothing but blissed-

out pleasure and overwhelmed sensations.

And George is tight—*he's so fucking tight* that Dream can't help but allow himself to chase more of the tautness around his cock, pushing inside to the hilt until his hips meet flush with George's ass. He feels consumed by a cloud of hazy lust, divine intentions spilling onto his cheeks with a deep carmine flush.

Dream stays in place longer than he intended to, admiring the visible tremble of small legs, and he can't help but say something.

“You’re shaking, angel.”

“No-fucking-shit,” the brunet groans. “You’re *huge*—” George cuts himself off with a moan when Dream grinds his hips. “Fuck, oh, fuck, Dream. F-Feels like you’re splitting me apart—’s so good. Please move, *please*.”

Dream complies to George’s words with the tantalizing draw of his hips backwards, moaning from low in his throat when he feels a tight clench around his cock. And it’s everything if not outstanding, a shiver threading through every nerve in his body as long nails tear at the skin of his bicep hard enough to draw blood. But when Dream plunges inside, makes George take him all at once, everything becomes instantly better.

George *wails*. He screams out Dream’s name in a pleasurable tune so loud that Dream is sure their neighboring roommates heard it in all of its onyx-tainted glory. The sudden slam of the headboard rings out alongside the heavy moan, and it’s the possibility of other people hearing how slutty George’s noises are that urges Dream to repeat the movement of his hips.

And it’s his cause for recognition. A possessive claim over the boy moaning beneath him is what pushes Dream to fold into himself.

“So pretty like this,” Dream groans, hands falling to the other’s hips to pull George back on his cock in time with his thrust. “My pretty, *pretty*, baby.”

Pink lips part in a silent plea of ‘yes,’ nails relenting from tan skin to fall beside a mop of brown hair. And Dream loves to see George like this—all wrecked and undeniably caught up in his own field of joy to not care about all the ferocity of his sounds, because Dream honestly wouldn’t want him any other way.

“Yours,” George is able to get out, “all yours, Dreamie.”

Watery film begins to showcase over swirls of umber with each painfully rough thrust, puffy red eyes glistening like stars, and takes Dream a moment to realize that George is crying from the pleasure—and *he looks fucking perfect, too*. Pristine tears on silken skin proven to be found compelling, Dream leans over George’s weak, shaking body to kiss the wetness away. No matter if he wanted to keep seeing it.

His hips never falter their pace, abusing the other’s prostate with the head of his cock until George is spilling with pathetically whispered moans of “yes” and “more.” And Dream wants to think that everything is moving too fast, that being inside George came too quick for his need to worship to be appeased, but he assumes he’ll get another opportunity to do that.

“Dream,” George babbles, incoherence set in stone for nimble understanding, “wan’ a cum—need to touch myself, *please*,”

The blond doesn’t answer him, instead, opting to lean back and wrap a large hand around George’s

length. The stimulation drives him over the edge instantly, back arching off the bed with a needy slur of “thank you,” and then sticky white is spilling all over alabaster skin, George’s cock pulsing rapidly in tandem with Dream’s heart.

Tautness clenches around his cock, captivating him as he continues to fuck George to the best of his ability. Because George’s orgasmic face ripples deep within Dream’s chest, encouraging him to thrust deeper and harder until a swirl of heat makes itself known in his gut.

“You look so *hot* when you cum,” he coos, sloppily wiping his sticky hand on the sheets before trailing calloused fingers on the expanse of George’s neck. There aren’t enough marks to swell his ego of calling George his, but he presses his thumb into a lone lavender blemish and smirks at the moan that escapes a bruised throat anyway. “Wish you could see yourself.”

“Am I pretty?” George murmurs, the words oddly familiar to a few moments before everything rushed south, but only this time they’re more slurred and fucked out due to the brunet’s blissful state of pleasure.

“Fucking *gorgeous*.”

With a few stuttered thrusts, Dream’s orgasm hits him at full force, strings of moans and curses falling from pink lips as if to notify George of how good he feels in the heat of the moment. He fills George with pearlescent cum, warmth exploding under his skin as he fucks himself through his orgasm, using the other for his own selfish needs. And if he doesn’t pull out immediately, relishing in the tightness that encloses him for a moment longer, that’s no one’s business but his—and George’s, for that matter.

George starts laughing after a few seconds, glossy eyes staring up at Dream, who tilts his head and quietly asks, “What is it?”

“We just had sex.”

The blond smiles, teeth flashing from behind pink. “Yeah, we did. And it was awesome.”

“Dream!” George whines, stifling a laugh as he covers his face with his hands.

“What?”

George hits the other’s arm with a light slap. “Don’t *say that* after we literally fucked instead of doing our homework.”

Oh, yeah. Dream winces.

They’re definitely going to fail their assignment.

End Notes

comments and kudos are appreciated, i did a ton of research for this fic :]

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